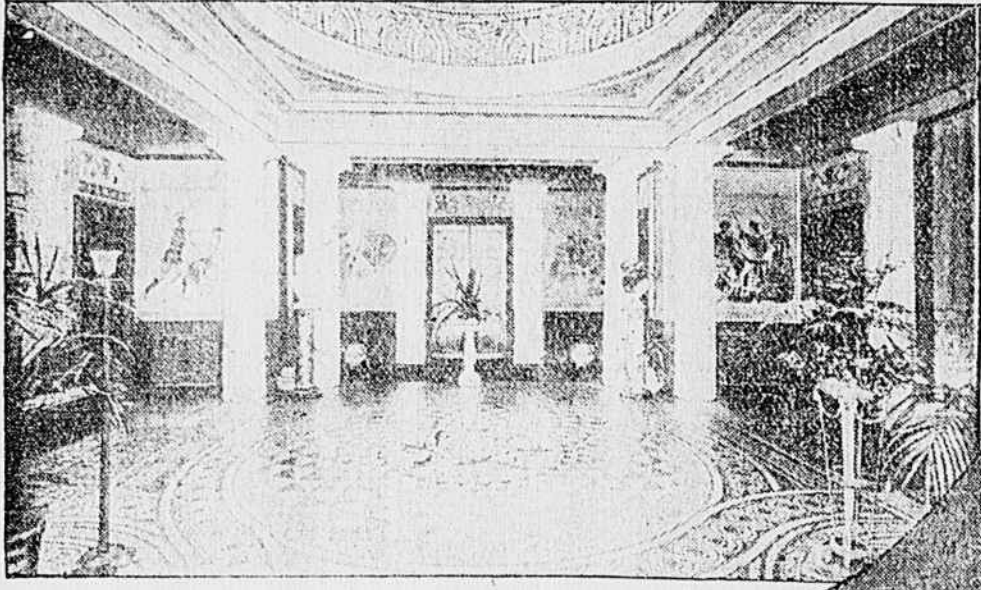
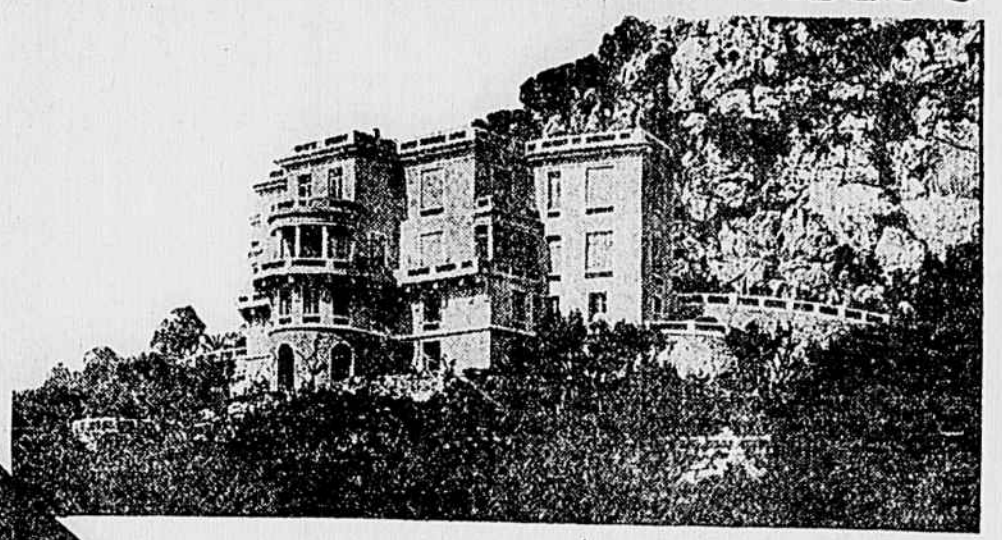


Love's Heavy Handicap in Mrs. Leeds' Latest Romance



The Ballroom of Villa Primavera, Where Mrs. Leeds' Romance with Prince Christophoros Ripened.



The Exterior of the Beautiful Villa Primavera, the Scene of the Start of This Unusual Love Handicap.

The Unusual Obstacles That Must Be Overcome Before America's Richest Widow Can Become a Princess of Greece

Monte Carlo, July 7. THE engagement of Mrs. William B. Leeds, one of America's richest widows and most beautiful women, to Prince Christophoros of Greece, has been announced here. There is no doubt of the engagement. There is grave doubt whether any marriage will ever take place. Never, perhaps, was love so heavily handicapped as it is in Mrs. Leeds' latest romance.

This is not due at all to any lack of devotion on the part of the Prince, the youngest brother of King Constantine of Greece. He has been enamored of the beautiful widow for three years, but his numerous rivals served to keep him wistfully waiting many a long month. Mrs. Leeds, being worth something over \$15,000,000, was literally surrounded by foreign noblemen who yearned to make her bank account theirs.

The difficulties lie in royal etiquette politics, the royal customs which bar any one, and in the ruling caste from matrimonial alliances with rulers or prospective rulers. In other words, a commoner cannot become a princess and be recognized by her husband's family. And Mrs. Leeds, although an American princess, ranks as a commoner abroad. Mrs. Leeds knew all this very well, and it took the mastery tactics of the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg, the Russian mother of the Crown Prince, to put the young Prince's courtship on the map. It was no easy thing to do, for Mrs. Leeds had to be approached most diplomatically. Not only were her other titled suitors in the way, but with each passing year Mrs. Leeds' determination to remain an American grows stronger. The Grand Duchess was won to the Prince's cause last winter when they were both staying in Paris.

Inspired by the royal lady, who has a very pretty air of authority, and whose social prestige is of the highest order, Mrs. Leeds leased the largest and most magnificent villa in the Riviera. With thirty English servants, and tons of luggage, the American widow descended on Monte Carlo early in the spring. In her train came the Prince and Anthony Drexel, the very latest of Mrs. Leeds' satellites, and the most dreaded of the Prince's rivals. In June the engagement of the widow and the young Greek was unofficially announced by the indomitable Grand Duchess. So far, so good, but the question is, will King Constantine ever officially sanction the match. This is the rub.

Anastasia's task is but half done. She must now persuade the various royalties of Europe to welcome the lady with the American millions. Mrs. Leeds is charmingly frank on this subject. "There will be no left-handed or morganatic marriage in her career. She must be accepted unequivocally by sisters, cousins and aunts of her royal husband. The difficulties lying in her path are apparently insurmountable. Such a marriage would place Mrs. Leeds in a position never occupied by an American—she would outrank every other American woman married to a title, even the former Anita Stewart.

She would become cousin to King George of England and to Queen Victoria of Spain.

Among other interesting relationships, Mrs. Leeds would become a near relative of the German Emperor, and a niece of Dowager Queen Alexandra of England.

On the face of it, therefore, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, the Prince and Mrs. Leeds have a formidable task ahead of them. The Prince is a plucky youth, just twenty-nine years of age, and he has tackled his job right manfully. As soon as Mrs. Leeds said "Yes—if," Christophoros buckled on his sword and went forth to win over his royal relatives.

Both Mrs. Leeds and the Prince have one friend at the Greek court, the handsome Princess Nicholas, born a Russian grand duchess and married to King Constantine's second brother. She is exceedingly fond of her youngest brother-in-law and has known Mrs. Leeds for several years. It was Princess Nicholas, in fact, who introduced the Prince and the widow. But there will be few other friends in the royal circle, as the Prince now only too well. With rare courage Christophoros went at his hardest problem first. He journeyed up to London to see Queen Mary! Sublime courage that! He sat down to breakfast with the one queen who dislikes and fears everything pertaining to America, especially the women, and tried to win her approval. King George, the court gossip says, was also present, but, being in one of his moods, had nothing to say. Queen Mary answered for both. If Cousin Christophoros wanted to marry left-handedly, why, all well and good. But England's royal family would never accept the bride on equal terms. Never. It seems, was love so heavily handicapped!

Mrs. Leeds' position in England is a curious one, but it is just like that of all other American women similarly placed. As an American widow with an immense fortune, having a good social position in New York and Newport, she is asked everywhere. She was bidden to Sandringham during King Edward's reign and has entertained the present monarchs at dinner.

But, oh! what a difference there would be in her position if she became the discredited wife of the Greek Prince! Royal and near-royal doors would be closed to her in England, Germany, Aus-

Mrs. William B. Leeds, the Richest American Widow and Beauty, Who Will Not Consent to a Morganatic Marriage with Prince Christophoros of Greece, King Constantine's Youngest Brother, and Below Her the Perplexed but Determined Royal Suitor.

tria and Greece. And many a titled dame would be afraid to be seen in her company! To-day, as the millionaire widow of America's tinplate king, she has the fashionable world of London and Paris at her feet. She is surrounded by insistent suitors, who are, at the same time, men of high social standing in their respective countries. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Leeds is proceeding with her romance? Is it any wonder that she wants absolute official sanction, and a promise that she will be accepted, not only in Greece, but in England, as "one of the family"? Will love find a way out of the tangle?

As a romantic episode in her varied life, the Prince's courtship leaves nothing to be desired. The affair began in Paris at a sumptuous dinner dance given three years ago by Mrs. Leeds. Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece were guests of honor and brought with them handsome, debonair Prince Christophoros, a slender stripling of twenty-six. It was one of those love-at-first-sight affairs that do occur once in a blue moon. Being of an ardent temperament, Christophoros at that time the Duke of Argyll and several other English dukes and French princes were in the running

This dinner took place in October. In December, all of Mrs. Leeds' friends invariably included the Prince whenever they had Mrs. Leeds as guest. It was indeed quick work. Mr. Tony Drexel, at that time still married, gave a dinner at the Ritz in Paris at which the Prince and his lovely lady were paired off. It was all very significant. But Mrs. Leeds steered carefully through various shoals and squalls and frankly gave the Prince no chance to declare himself.

In the meantime the Duke of Argyll, one of Britain's few unmarried dukes, was wooing the lady. Here again Mrs. Leeds touched the royal line, for the wife of the ninth duke was the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. The Argylls are by no means wealthy, the duke who succeeded his uncle in 1914 has a beggarly 8,000 pounds a year income. As his landed estates are enormous this income barely pays for their upkeep. The Leeds millions would help quite a lot, the duke thought. Joan Campbell, a cousin of the

duke has long been an intimate friend of Mrs. Leeds and she, naturally enough, was very keen about the marriage. The lordly young duke, the history of whose family is the history of Scotland did his best, but the lady gave him his cone just at the time war broke out.

Friends who were close to Mrs. Leeds at that time said that she refused the Duke because she wanted to bring her boy up to be an American. Not long after the Duke's suit was rejected, Mrs. Leeds said to a friend, "I will remain an American for the sake of my boy. I want him to be a good American and to become one. He must have the benefit of every good American influence. I

want him to go either to Yale or Harvard, and while it is early for such plans, I also want him to marry an American girl."

Of the other suitors who interfered with Prince Christophoros's romance, Lord Falconer, son and heir of the Earl of Kintore, was, perhaps, the most to be feared. His suit was sponsored by the Duke and Duchess of Manchester. A yachting trip to India, to attend the Durbar, was but one of the things offered by the Duchess in her eagerness to bring about this marriage. The Kintores are very poor, but their family tree is almost as old as that of the Argylls. The voyage was begun under favorable conditions. Lord Falconer and Mrs. Leeds were constantly "paired off," and the chaperones conveniently forgot them. The yacht, by the way, was Semiramis, owned by Anthony Drexel, who has since become a devoted admirer of Mrs. Leeds. No one knows just what happened, but the yachting party went to smash on the coast of Japan. When the yacht touched at Yokohama Mrs. Leeds took passage on a steamer for London and Lord Falconer dropped out of the running. The Earl of Kintore was probably more disappointed over this matrimonial fiasco than his son was.

In all these many courtships the element of romance did not figure so largely as in the present one where Christophoros is king high. No one who knows the history of the past four months wonders that the much-wooed-but-never-won lady has capitulated. No one wonders that she willingly faces the terrific ordeal of overcoming the handicaps imposed by her lover's unusual position.

The Grand Duchess started her romance charmingly. The Villa Primavera, which Mrs. Leeds occupied, is in the loveliest part of the Riviera, Cap d'Ail, overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean. A French banker squandered several million francs on it. The grounds are full of nightingales, orange blossoms and Temples of Love.

The Egyptian Hall and the Salle-a-manger are filled with rare curios. But it was the wonderful garden that saw most of the romantic courtship. Who would not fall in love with a Greek Prince in such a place? Mrs. Leeds had no chance at all, she simply could not help losing her heart!

What, however, will the next few weeks see done by the united royalties of the six countries interested. There is little likelihood that the German Crown Princess will approve her mother's efforts to bring common American blood into Europe's bluest veins. The Kaiser will certainly not feel cousinly toward the American bride! The Grand Duchess is in his black books, because when war broke out she returned to the Emperor a royal order he had bestowed on her, saying, "I can't help having a German son-in-law, but I don't have to wear a German decoration."

Heavily handicapped, indeed, is Mrs. Leeds' romance. Will she and her young Prince ever "live happily ever after"?

Why We Say "It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man"

"NINE tailors make a man," we say, borrowing the wit of olden days, and the tailors, in self-defense, tell a good story of the origin of this joke at their expense.

They say that a poor boy in London, on the verge of starvation, went to a prosperous tailor who employed nine workmen. He was taken into the workshop, where each of the nine men helped to teach him part of his trade.

Thanks to their kindness he became a first-rate hand, set up in business for himself, employed many workpeople, and gained great wealth, and rode in his own coach, on which he painted a Latin motto, meaning, "Nine tailors made me a man," meaning that the good man owed his success to the nine kind-hearted workmen. The motto was read as "Nine tailors make a man."

There is another version of the same story. The same number of tailors appear, but this time do not teach the boy his trade, but give him money, with which he starts a fruit barrow, and works his

way to riches, the carriage, and the motto.

When a man died the church bell tolled nine times; when a woman died it was tolled six times. The bell which tolled was called a teller, and so it was said that "nine tellers mark a man." The word "teller" came to be corrupted into "tailor"; the word "mark" became "make"; and there is the little joke that a man in merry mood tries on his tailor still. That is the explanation at which scholars have arrived.

One other joke, a famous one, has helped to turn a jest against the tailors. Canning, the statesman, informed Parliament that three London tailors living in Tooley Street, Southwark, presented a petition to the House of Commons beginning, "We, the people of England," and the story of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street has never been forgotten. When pompous men claim too much dignity, or make great show of their importance, we look and laugh, and remember the Three Tailors who thought themselves the people of England.